

ONE PLAYED POKER, THE OTHER DIDN'T

But Old Man Greenhut Drew a Moral From the Life of Each of the Twister Twins.

"Hit 's consid'able of a question," said old man Greenhut, "what kind o' treatment is best fr' a man what's got the complaints 't troubled Ben Twister.

"There's some gets cured with religion an' some gets better fr' havin' five or six whalin' big blues, p'vidin' they hit him in some p'ticular tender spot, an' there 's a heap on 'em 't don't 'pear to get no benefit fr' anythin' 't happens 'em. They gets pizener an' pizener fr' day to day till they just dies fr' m' own way meanness.

"I reckon it 'd took more 'n blues to clean Twister out 'n consid'able more 'n religion to set him on the broad an' narrer path 't leads to 'saint 'n respect, respectable citizen. O' course, there 's 'alys a chanse o' curin' o' a man like that if he takes to playin' poker, bein' as draw poker is recognized by everybody that understands it as bein' the foreordained instrument o' Providence fr' th' upliftin' o' pore, fallen hoomanity.

"Stands to reason that a man 't plays draw poker intelligent gets to be broad-minded enough, so 's there ain't no chanse o' him bein' mean or ornery; but that 's just the trouble with Twister an' them like him. They 'm too low down fr' to set in an' learn the game, an' o' course o' Providence is reckonin' on savin' o' 'em at all 't 's got to be did some other way. Biles an' religion 'pears to be the only two things what's strong enough fr' to take a hold o' them.

"There was them," said what Ben Twister must 'a' be'n changed at birth, bein' as his dad was a tof'abled gigger poker player an' some prominent citizen an' his marn was a fine, easy goin' lady what never nagged, no matter what old man Twister done. But Ben 'peared to be'n born crooked.

"Wa'n't nothin' suited him fr' th' start. They had to wear him inside o' a week, 'count o' nat'ral victuals not settin' well on his stomach, an' he was that close by natur' 't he wouldn't give 'em up when he once got 'em, even if they wa'n't what he wanted.

"Well, he growed up just like that. Old man Twister couldn't do nothin' with him. Tried to teach him draw poker when he got big enough, but Ben took a pot at the beginnin', an' he says he ain't got to set in no game where he's liable fr' to lose nothin'.

"When he got married he said how the preacher told 'em him an' his wife was one, so he wouldn't buy ratons on'y fr' one, an' Mrs. Twister nag starved to death afere she done left him fr' good, like she done in about a month.

"Bein' as he wa'n't good fr' nothin' else old man Twister reckoned he'd make a preacher o' him, an' he got him a job into a strugglin' chu'ch right where they lived, but Ben 'd preach fr' m the same text half a dozen times hand runnin', an' when they as him if he couldn't find nothin' to preach about he said he reckoned he could, on'y his salary wa'n't big enough fr' to make it a object fr' to go huntin' through scripser fr' a new text every week, an' the elders says what if he feels thataway about it they reckoned they wouldn't pay him no salary at all.

"Peared like that showed what he wa'n't to be cured with religion, an' when he begin havin' biles there was some said mebbe the Lord was givin' him one more chanse, but even that didn't do him no good. They started to poltice him, an' he said he reckoned he wouldn't spend no money fr' flaxseed, bein' as he hadn't ordered no biles, an' wa'n't be responsible for nothin' 't he hadn't ordered.

"A'er that, bein' as there wa'n't nothin' more 't Providence could do, there wa'n't nobody else 't cared a boot about him, Twister wa'n't fr' mad to wuss, steady, till to'rd the last, he died."

"Having extracted the whole of this grewsome tale from his midst and presented it in the foregoing fashion to his amazed listeners, old man Greenhut selected a large black cigar from his private box and after carefully lighting it walked around to his favorite seat by the window, and placing his feet on the sill smoked in placid silence.

"For some moments nothing was said. Then Bassett said: "Well, of all the drivellin', no 'count, shifflin' chunks o' rotten talk—

"Sh!" interrupted Blaisdel. "Th' ain't no use gettin' th' old man vilent. He's got to be coaxed. Mebbe we c'n get him up to Little Rock afere he turns loose. I heard there was some padded cells into th' asylum up there."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Owen Payne. "That there story sounds to me like it might mean somethin' on'y there couldn't nobody tell what. 'Pears like he don't trump in, no foller suit, but th' ain't no tellin'." Mebbe th' old man ain't through yet."

"Well," said Jake Winterbottom patiently, "what's the answer, Greenhut? I'll be the goat. Is we expected to laugh fr' feel sad? Kind o' grope 'round, will ye, an' see if you c'n find the key?"

"The answer is," said old man Greenhut, testily, "as how that there melancholy story o' Ben Twister is on'y just one more proof o' what a wonderful plan o' salvation there is into the game o' draw poker."

"We'd oughter git him up there as soon as we can," said Blaisdel anxiously. "He can't go on th'way."

QUEER IDEAS OF BALL FANS

WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE GAME.

They Get Players' Names Mixed Up and Figure Out Some Wonderful Plays on the Diamond—How Lajoie Struck Out on a Fen Fly—Foolish Questions.

A couple of devotees of the national game, one of whom had enthusiasm greater than his knowledge, were discussing a play at the Polo Grounds last summer and in the fulness of their wits endeavored to tell why shortstops took some throws from the catcher to second base and why second basemen took some.

"Why, that's done according to signal," said one. "The two infielders understand each other, and it depends a good deal on what direction the batter is liable to hit as to which one covers the bag for the throw."

"Now, that ain't the reason," said the other in a voice of the profoundest contempt, in tones so loud and assertive that they appeared to overawe the other notwithstanding the absurd reason they set forth. "The two infielders wait to see which side of the base the ball is going on. If it goes to the left the shortstop takes the throw, and if to the other side the second baseman takes it."

Who took the throw when it went squarely over the bag the speaker didn't explain, but probably that, according to his view of it, was the duty of the center fielder. Anyway, his system would be a fine way to finish at the tail end.

"There's that Mike Doolin!" exclaimed a crank one day when Mike Doolin came to bat. It doesn't seem probable that anybody laying any claims to crank-hood at all would make such a mistake in names, but it really happens, and by persons who are regular attendants at games.

For these folks the posted cranks have little tolerance, and if the man who makes the mistake comes without a withering rejoinder from some neighbor he is mighty lucky.

Giving a player, no matter how noted he may be, the wrong name is a more or less prevalent blunder sometimes on the part of those who know the game well enough in other respects. There are folks with whom the faculty of stumbling over names is nothing less than a gift, and they never realize why their friends laugh. Chance for Chase and vice versa is a common solecism. Chance may not know it, but more than once he has played first base for the New York Americans.

A pretty well known baseball man was perturbed one day on the bill—the Detroiters were playing the Highlanders—because Eazy Donovan was in the box for the Tigers and he was hard for the home team to gauge. This man would always refer to Red Donahue, the pitcher, as Red Donovan. Tom Jones of the Browns was Tad Jones with him.

A majority of baseball patrons are, in the patois of the day, wise to the fine points of the game and the players, but there is a rather extensive amount of misinformation nevertheless. Evidences of it can be found at games in New York any day and a share in other cities. In other cities they are fond of saying that there is more baseball ignorance in New York than any other big league habitation. They say that such is bound to be the case because in New York there is a diversity of interest in things sporting, whereas in the other towns there is baseball and little else.

There doubtless are as many persons in New York who know baseball as anywhere else, though the proportion may not be as big. New York too has more transients who attend the contests than other cities, and their oral betrayal of their lack of knowledge may give New Yorkers a reputation for baseball ignorance which isn't deserved. However, be that as it may, it is nuts for some of those who dwell in the other points of the circuit to point the finger of derision at New York on all possible occasions and often on the thinnest of pretexts. The incidents related here no doubt are paralleled in other places.

Several seasons ago an actor man strolled into the grand stand of the Polo Grounds and after surveying the scene in a bored sort of way asked a man in a seat behind him: "What teams are playing to-day?" It happened that the man to whom this thirst for information was directed was an irritable sort of being, and he replied: "If that question is sincere and not a pose I don't mind telling you that one of the teams is St. Louis. You might guess the other."

Now and then you strike a person who knows appallingly little about points of the game and who is inclined to be pig-headed about it. The Clevelanders were playing the New Yorks at American League Park and a fellow named Lajoie was the bat. Two foul strikes were made by Larry and then he fouled out to left field. The next time Lajoie came to the bat the pigheaded person remarked so that all within twenty-five feet of him might hear: "Lajoie struck out before, but I bet he don't do it again," a comment in which the facts were as distorted as the grammar.

"He didn't strike out before," was the mild correction offered by one sitting near. "He fouled out."

"Well, a foul's a strike, ain't it?" was the comeback.

"Not that kind of a foul."

"What difference it make what kind of a foul it was, a foul's a strike, and he wuss out on a foul. Therefore he struck out."

Now what answer could a volunteer in the cause of spreading baseball enlightenment give in response to such a fatuous argument as that?

MAIZIE'S SALON PROVES A FAILURE

And Ike Busenbark Proves That He Is Anything but a Gentleman.

When George came in Maizie was deep in the Chambermaid's Own Journal. George was not in his accustomed spirits, having failed to connect with any moneyed friends to furnish them.

"What's the matter?" said Maizie. "Has Bingham closed up the gimballs along with the picture show? If you was any kind of a man you'd stay wife to be insulted. The milkman came a while ago and said if I cut out cigarettes I might be able to pay the milk bill; and the butcher hammered on the door for half an hour this morning, and cussed so you could hear him all over the house. I certainly was a mutt for marrying you."

George muttered something about turning over a new leaf.

"Turn over a new leaf?" snorted Maizie. "What you want to turn over is some coin to pay the bills we owe around here. If my old man had the bank roll yours has I'd make him come across if I had to stick him up with a gun. I darsn't go out in the daytime for fear some of the hicks we owe'll bawl me out."

George tried to soothe his irate spouse by putting forth vague projects for acquiring wealth, but this only served to increase her irritation.

"Don't try to hand me any saive, George; if he leaves on the trees was dollar bills you wouldn't have sense enough to shake 'em off. I've got one more scheme to get the money, and if this don't go through you and me'll do a drifting apart specialty. I'm going to open a salon."

"I ought to make a good bartender with the experience I've had," said George, "but I don't see how you could start a salon without any capital."

"If you ever went through college," retorted Maizie, "it must have been late at night, when everybody was asleep. I don't mean a booze camp; it is a S. A. L. S. Did you ever hear of one? No? And you don't know what Madam de Stall was either? Certainly not! Well, this month's Journal 'll tell you all about it; but you wouldn't read anything, unless it was the label on a bottle."

"This De Stall woman was one smart dame; anything she pulled off was covered up so that nobody got wise to her, and that's the reason they named her De Stall. She lived in Paris and the gang came around every night to chew the rag and play a little draw. They called her joint a salon, and the rakeoff was fine till some bull named Napoleon wanted her to split with him. She wouldn't, and he closed up the place."

"That Paris ain't much of a town. I played it once with 'Peck's Bad Boy,' we had one o' them little yellow headed courtesies doing the yow, and the opera house manager took her out to see the distillery. When she came back she was yelling so some Kentuckians thought a feud had broke loose. I had to play her part that night, and her wardrobe was so tight I near choked to death."

"If that De Stall could live up to a game in a burg like Paris we certainly ought to get a few dimes out of the kitty. All the gambling houses is closed and you ought to know some fellows that like to play cards. I ain't much stuck on being Queen of Monte Carlo, but we've got to live some way till somebody splashes a prosperity wave around here. So tomorrow I'll get you to dig up some tom-tommed followers, chance, as Ella Wheelock calls 'em."

George was inclined to rebel at his assignment, but Maizie very tartly informed him that he might consider himself engaged for the leading role in "A Lone in New York" unless he complied with her request promptly.

When George returned for lunch next day he announced that he had been successful in making up a party for that evening to start the salon.

Maizie had not been idle and had purchased three packs of cards, several hundred chips, a case of beer and the materials for a lunch. She had also hacked a hole in the kitchen table and tacked a pocket of George's best trousers beneath it to answer for a cooler.

George went out after dinner to meet the devotees of the blind goddess and guide them to his abode, while Maizie prepared sandwiches.

The party arrived shortly after 10 and was composed of four gentlemen besides George. Mr. Magivern, who seemed the most important of the quartet, owned a third emporium much frequented by George; he was a stout man with wattle like a turkey and a tendency toward the ornate in his apparel. Mr. Shultz was likewise portly, and ran a restaurant next door to Magivern's. The third gentleman was Mr. Wise, who did not know his name. His pawbroking establishment adjoined Mr. Shultz's restaurant. Mr. Wise had a great variety of unredemmed pledges bestowed carelessly about his person.

George presented the three gentlemen to Maizie, and as he was not acquainted with the fourth man that worthy obligingly introduced him as Ike Busenbark of Shickshinny, Pa. Mr. Busenbark was simple and unaffected in manner and rather backward in his dress; in fact, he bore a striking resemblance to the "Wrong" in the "East" fame.

"Well, by tunket," observed Mr. Busenbark, "I heard tell o' these here New York skyscrapers, but I never had no idee what they was like till this week. Why, they're most as tall as the mountains down where I come from. I've been stuck in Shickshinny night onto thirty-eight years, an' I'm going home now. I'm here gay metropolis. We found coal down in the pasture lot, and now I've got so much money I'm high lumbagoed carrying it around."

HER RIVAL

A Conversation by Telephone and Wife's Comments on it.

When this man's wife reached his office the other day on a little visit associated with domestic finance he had just been called up on the phone.

"Ha!" said the wife, she being a jealous person. "Some creature is calling him up!"

"So she remained out of view in the anteroom."

"Hello!" said the husband at the phone. "Who's that you say? Oh, it's you, eh, Jack? H'ware you, pal. Anything coming off?"

"It's that horrid, dissipated, flirtatious Jack Hotclip talking to him," said the wife to herself. "I always did suspect that man."

"Right, Say, is that so?" said her husband through the transmitter. "Mighty glad to hear that. Say, where did you trap her, anyhow?"

"(Her) snifed the jealous wife. "Oh, I knew there'd be some devilment in the wind with that Hotclip man calling him up."

"Well, h'ing, I sure am glad you've nailed her, matey. I went on the husband at the phone. "Say, is she a sure-enough looker?"

"(Well, just hear that!" said the wife to herself. "Looker!")

"Honest-Injun thoroughbred, too, you say?" continued her husband at the phone. "Well, her for her, then. I sure want to look her over. What's that? A raging beauty, is she? Well, I guess that's poor. That's the kind I'm hunting for."

"Oh, such hideous deceitfulness!" panted the wife in the anteroom.

"Y'know I'm pretty tired of having these imitation mutts flashed on me," the man at the phone went on confidentially. "I want nothing but the real bang up thing. I'm willing to cough up anything within reason too to get the real thing, as I told you."

"The traitor!" hissed the man's wife, trembling with rage.

"Say, you got her there with you now, old man? What's that? Oh, you have, hey? Curled up in your lap right now, eh? Good! As you want to remember that she's as good as mine, old boy."

"(Curled up in his lap—horrible!" panted the jealous wife.)

"The look here," went on the unsuspecting husband at the phone, "can't you fetch her down here right away and let me look her over? Let's see, it's pretty near lunch time and I'm sort of expecting my wife down pretty soon, and of course I don't want my wife to see her now and I'll have a peek and then we can fix it. What's that? You'll be over in five minutes? All right, old boy. I'll be waiting."

Whereupon he hung up the receiver and turned to be confronted by his white faced and wrathful spouse.

Naturally she looked surprised. Just as naturally she took the surprised look as a sure sign of guilt.

THE FAT MAN TELLS THE SYMPTOMS AND THE REMEDY

Effects an Auto Had on Him Before—Owned a Car and Defended Pedestrians—Have on Him Now—Just Human Nature, That's His Conclusion.

The fat man at the automobile show chuckled softly.

"Just thinking," he explained, "how human we are. Firstnates: Up to about three months ago y'ought to've heard me emit raucous noises out of my head about the outrageousness of automobiles and automobile drivers and things. Yesiree, I sure was of the opinion that automobiles were just as liable as not to be the ruin of this fair land of ours."

"I made a lot of noise on this subject, I sure did. I was about the busiest little noisemaker of the entire Ag in Automobile Association. I just pawed the ground like a bull moose at horn shedding time every time I got on the subject of automobiles."

"Life, I used to bellow hoarsely—life, human life, no longer is safe on the streets of this dabbled automobile owned town. Those contraptions o' the devil called automobiles are impelling the lives of our wives and our children and our own lives—and that's what!"

"The drivers of the dogged things have no regard for human life. They like to kill. They are in love with slaughter. They gloat over the destruction of the young, the weak, the old."

"They mow us down with ruthless hilarity beneath the wheels of their juggernaut cars, and we have no redress. They spout at us with their impudent horns, and if we don't get a crack in the back and a stitch in the kidneys hopping out of the way, we're ground into fertilizer, and we're no remedy."

"Not only has it become dangerous in the extreme for one to walk on the streets, but the streets themselves are permeated with the vilest imaginable fumes from the fuel employed to propel these devilish motor cars. Wherefore a stern law of repression is needed throughout the land."

"Yep, that was me up to 'bout three months ago, went on the fat man, continuing to chuckle. "I was never so much in earnest about anything in my life either. Every time I saw an automobile I'd sort o' foam at the mouth and give other autophobical symptoms."

"Why, I stand right in the middle of the street and shake my fist at hurrying automobiles and their drivers, and the laughter of the drivers in these circumstances never failed to intensify my maniacal fury."

"Yep, and I wrote a hull heap of letters to the newspapers about the deadliness of automobiles in this man's town, and when some accident one of these letters happened to be printed why, I went around and exhibited it to everybody I knew in order to let them see the high ground I had taken with reference to this, the worst evil of modern times."

"Ye-eh."

"Well, about three months ago I nailed a sure enough bargain, that's what I did. Friend o' mine who'd got himself into a hole by toying with the market had to part with his automobile instant for cash on the nail and I got that car of his for little or no money."

"Danged fine machine too."

"Well, well, well."

"Y'ought to hear me converse now when I get a good and warmed up on the subject of the relationship of automobiles and their drivers to the non-autobobbling part of the public."

"Way I view the matter now there never was such a pack of fools as the motorists on the globe as those who walk the streets of this man's town."

"Trouble with 'em is that they're too doggy in the manager to get out of the way themselves; consequently they hate with a vitriol hatred everybody that does own a car. It's a every, ornery, ornery, ornery kind o' ornery, an' jealousy on the part of people who don't own motor cars themselves. That's what it is and nothing else."

"Why, they glare at the owners and drivers of automobiles as if such folks were public enemies! I've even seen some o' 'em so far gone in unworthy envy that they would actually shake their fists at passing automobiles and their drivers."

CASE OF AUTOPHOBIA CURED

Effects an Auto Had on Him Before—Owned a Car and Defended Pedestrians—Have on Him Now—Just Human Nature, That's His Conclusion.

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THE DOG FOR AN ORATOR

RIGHT OF A YOUNG MAN WHOSE ROOMMATE IS A PUBLIC SPEAKER.

"We hear," said the young man, "about their trying new plays on the dog. Well, I'm not exactly a public audience, but still, just the same, I'm the dog for an orator, my room mate."

"He's an ambitious young man, wants to be a public speaker, belongs to about fourteen different clubs and societies and he makes after dinner speeches and he tries those speeches on me. If you should happen to see him at some dinner that you go to, rising with seeming diffidence and near him saying modestly:

"Chairman and Ladies and Gentlemen: I had scarcely expected to be called upon this evening—

"Why, don't you believe him. He had hoped and expected that he would be called on and that speech that he now proceeds to deliver he had carefully prepared and rehearsed and tried on me."

"I suppose if he roomed alone he would make his speeches to his chair, his bed or his chiffonier, but as it is he makes them to me. I come up to the room some night after dinner and sit down and try to read the paper with him there poring over something on the desk, and then the first thing I know I'm reading me the dog again."

"His Chair—man," he says, fastening his eye upon me with great seriousness, "following, as I do, the illustrious speakers who have already addressed you, it would scarcely be becoming in me to address you at great length, but—

"And then he goes ahead and talks and talks, and what can I do? I can't choke him off; he's a nice chap and he's got this here, He's all wrapped up in it, and I can't throw him down, can't I can't tell him to go down cellar or up out this week. I'm some living being to talk to for his own encouragement, and so he makes me the dog and I stand for it."

"He goes at it with the most solemn earnestness and if he raises a laugh out of me or makes me interested and serious, why, then he's more tickled than you can tell, for he thinks he's got 'em cinched."

"I'm the dog in that way about three nights in the week, the rest being the nights when he's out speaking. He heaves stories at me and jabs at me and I'm not so earnest about it that I have to stand listening. I find him sitting at his desk poring over things, and then I hear his chair slide back, he lay down and he looks at me and he says, 'I'm going to read you a poem, and then he goes ahead and recites the poetry."

"Or maybe this night he starts his speech with a story, or a joke, or a pun, or a 'twain' course, where he's going to speak; but whatever it is he always tries it first on me; and then he soothes for the dinner."

"I've been to hear him myself once or twice, and do you know he does very well? Yes, sir, very well; and I couldn't help feeling a sort of proprietary pride in him as a public speaker."

"Blair," said the local American League catcher, was applauded vigorously once for a throw to second base which got there some twenty feet ahead of the runner. "It was a fine catch, Blair, but you were able to follow the game very closely. It happened that there were two out when the runner started to go down and that the catcher, Blair, simply snagged the ball down the line as catchers do on the last out, the

A Club Cocktail is the cocktail of the connoisseur because it is measure-mixed to exact proportion. CLUB COCKTAILS never vary. They're always uniform, always right. Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whisky base) are the most popular. Get a bottle from your dealer.